

Pope
2nd ed?

T H E

1489 f. 40.

2

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

O F

H O R A C E,

Imitated in DIALOGUE

Between ALEXANDER POPE of *Twickenham*, in Com' Mid' Esq;
and his Learned COUNCIL.

To which is added,

The SECOND SATIRE of the same Book.

By the Same Hand.

Never before PRINTED.

L O N D O N:

Printed for L. G. in *Fleetstreet*, MDCCXXXIV.

[Price Two Shillings.]

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK

H O R A C E

E R R A T A

P. 13. Ver. 110. For *Bear* the mean heart, that lurks beneath a Star;
Read *Bare* the mean heart, that lurks beneath a Star;

To which is added,

The SECOND SATIRE of the same Book.

By the same Hand.

Printed before Printed.

L O W D O W :

Printed for A. G. in Fleetstreet, London.

[Printed by Balling.]

AMIRARITAS
SATIRE I

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

SATIRA PRIMÁ.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.


H. U. T. quibus in Satyra videar nimis
acer, & ultra

Legem tendere opus; ² sine nervis altera quicquid

Composui pars esse putat, similesque meorum

Mille die versus deduci posse. ³ Trebati!

Quid faciam? Præscribe.

TREB. ⁴ Quiescas.

SATIRE I.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but
I am told)

There are to whom my Satire seems
too bold,

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.

² The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

³ I come to Council learned in the Law.

You'll give me, like a Friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. ¹⁰

F. + I'd write no more.

4 S A T I R E S

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,
Omnino versus ?*

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male si non
Optimum erat : ⁵ verum nequeo dormire.*

TREB. ⁶ *Ter uncti*

*Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.*

⁷ *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, ⁸ multa laborum
Præmia laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime ! vires
Deficiunt : ⁹ neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.*

TREB. ¹⁰ *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.*

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipsa feret.*



P. Not write? but then I think,
 5 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in Company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write. 15

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
 Why, if the nights seem tedious — take a Wife:
 6 Or rather truly, if your point be Rest,
 Lettuce and Cowslip wine; *Probatum est.*
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus may advise 20
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
 7 Or if you needs must write, write CÆSAR'S Praise:
 8 You'll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays.

P. What? like Sir⁹ Richard, rumbling, rough & fierce,
 With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK
 crowd the verse, 25

Rend with tremendous Sound our ears asunder,
 With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss & Thunder?
 Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
 Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

L. 10 Then all your Muse's softer art display, 30
 Let Carolina smoothe the tuneful Lay,
 Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

Nisi dextro tempore Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem;

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

TREB. ¹² *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu*

Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

¹³ *Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.*

HOR. ¹⁴ *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut semel iclo*

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis:

¹⁵ *Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem*

Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Milia: ¹⁶ me pedibus delestat claudere verba,

Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque

P. " Alas! few Verses touch their nicer ear;
 They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year; 35
 And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays,
 It is to History he trusts for Praise.

L. " Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
 Abuse the City's best good Men in metre, 40
 And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter.

" Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

L. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more; 45
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. " Each mortal has his Pleasure: None deny
 Sc*le his Bottle, D*ty his Ham-Pye;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as well as she; 50

" F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his Brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another.

" I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.

Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim
 Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis. Sequor hunc,¹⁷ Lucanus an Appulus anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania, bellum
 Incuteret violenta.]
¹⁸ Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus, quem cur distingere coner,
¹⁹ Tutus ab infestis latronibus? ²⁰ O Pater & Rex
 Jupiter! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
 Nec quisquam noceat —

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen, 55
The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.

In this impartial Glafs, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends; 60
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall with my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
17 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between, 67
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
In Moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory. 70

18 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;

19 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.

20 Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust 75
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlasting rust!

22 *— — — — —²¹ cupido mihi pacis! at ille,*

Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)

22 *Flebit, & insignis tota contabitur urbe.*

23 *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;

Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes;

24 *Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectus terreat, utque*

Imperet hoc natura potens; sic collige mecum.

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus

Monstratum?

25 *Scævæ divacem crede nepoti*

Matrem: nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum!

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

26 *Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus*

Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;

²¹ Peace is my dear delight — not Fleury's more:

But touch me, and no Minister so fore.

Who'er offends, at some unlucky time

²² Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme, 80

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,

And the sad burthen of some merry Song.

²³ Slander or Poyson, dread from *Delia's* rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be *

From furious *Sappho* scarce a milder fate, 85

P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

²⁴ Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels,

Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels,

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug: 90

²⁵ So drink with Walters, or with Charters eat,

They'll never poyson you, they'll only cheat.

²⁶ Then learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

Whether Old age, with faint, but chearful ray, 95

Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,

Or Death's black wing already be display'd

To wrap me in the Universal shade;

Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,

²⁷ *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*

TREB. ²⁸ *O puer, ut sis*

Vitalis, metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus

Frigore te feriat.

HOR. ²⁹ *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

³⁰ *Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*

Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,

Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,

Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;

Scilicet —

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write; 100
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 27 Like Lee or B**ll, I will rhyme and print.

L. 28 Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife, 105
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. 29 What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless, guilty men,
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
 Bear the mean heart that lurks beneath a Star; 110
 Can there be wanting to defend her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage, 115
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not 30 strip the gilding off a Knave,
 Un-plac'd, unpension'd, no Man's heir, or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws. 120

—³¹ UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.

³² *Quin ubi se a Vulgo & Scena, in Secreta remorant*

Virtus Scipiadae, & mitis Sapientia Læli;

Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec

Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

— *Quicquid sum ego, quamvis*

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me

³⁴ *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque*

Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,

Offendet solido; —

Know, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk in peace and credit to the grave.

³¹ TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,

The World beside may murmur, or commend.

Know, all the distant din that world can keep ¹²⁵

Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

³² There, my retreat the best companions grace,

Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly Bowl,

The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul: ¹⁰³

And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,

Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,

Or tames the Genius of the stubborn Plain,

Almost as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.

³⁴ *Envy* must own, I live among the Great, ¹³⁵

No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,

Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats,

To help who want, to forward who excel;

This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;

And who unknown defame me, let them be ¹⁴¹

Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.

³⁵ — *Nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,*

Dissentis.

TREBAT.

³⁶ *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.*

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum.

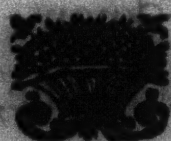
³⁷ " *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
Judiciumque.*"

HOR. *Esto, si quis* ³⁸ *mala; sed bona si quis*

Judice condiderit laudatur CÆSARE: si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,

³⁹ *Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.*



This is my plea, on this I rest my cause —

³⁵ What faith my Council learned in the Laws?

L. ³⁶ Your Plea is good ; but still I say, beware!

Laws are explain'd by Men — so have a care. 146

It stands on record, that in Richard's times

A Man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

³⁷ Consult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. & quint. Eliz. 150

See *Libels, Satires* — there you have it — read.

P. ³⁸ *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed!

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,

Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,

Such as Sir Robert wou'd approve — 155

L. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed.

³⁹ In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.



This is my plea, on this I rest my cause —
 What said my Council learned in the Laws?
 A. Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by Men — to have a care,
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A Man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
 Consult the Statute: Quare, I think it is,
 Edwards' text or prima & prima. Elic.
 See Libel, Statute — there you have it — read.
 P. Libel and Statute! Lawless things indeed!
 But grave Epistles, bringing Vice to light,
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert wou'd approve —
 A. Indeeds!
 The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed.
 In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be heard,
 My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.



SATIRAS
THE
SECOND SATIRE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

HORACE
PARAPHRASED.

SATIRA II^{da.}

T H T

SECOND SATIRE

 UÆ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem præcepit
Ofellus

Rusticus, + abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)

Discite 3 non inter lanceis, mensasque nitenteis,

Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;

3 Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?

Dicam si potero — —

— — 3 Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus —

Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,

SATIRE II.



HAT, and how great, the Virtue and
the Art

To live on little with a chearful heart,

² (A Doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Lets talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine:

⁵ Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride

5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

⁴ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

⁸ Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

F

*Sperne cibum vilem. —⁹ Foris est Promus, & atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
 Quo partum? Non in caro nidore Voluptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est ****

*¹⁰ Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina, tergere palatum —
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam: num vesceris ista
 Quam laudas, pluma? —¹¹ Laudas insane, trilibrem
 Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.*

*¹² Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos
 Præsentes Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis
 Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum, cum rapula plenus*

9 Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or kept from fish, (the River yet un-thaw'd)
If then plain Bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in *you*, not in the meat.

10 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a *Pheasant* still before a *Hen*;
Yet Hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers, green and gold. 20

11 Of *Carps* and *Mullets* why prefer the *great*,
(Tho' cut in pieces e'er my Lord can eat)
Yet for *small Turbots* such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.

12 *Oldfield*, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog *barbecu'd*!"
Oh blast it, 13 South-winds! till a stench exhale,
Rank as the ripeness of a Rabbit's tail.
By what *Criterion* do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for *sweetness*, that for *stink*? 30

When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
The sweetest thing will stink that he can eat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

Atque acidas mavult inulas. ¹⁵ *Needum omnis abacta*

Pauperies epulis regum; nam vilibus ovis

Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. —

¹⁶ *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,*

Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. ¹⁷ *Ergo*

Siquis nunc mergos suaves edixent affos,

Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.

¹⁸ *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*

Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,

Si te alio pravum detorseris. *Avidienus*

²⁰ *(Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret)*

Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.

²¹ *Ac nisi mutatum parcit defundere vinum, &*

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

²² *Festus albatu celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

¹⁵ Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, 35
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

¹⁶ The *Robin-red-breast* till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a *Martin's* nest,
Till *Becca-ficos* sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been a Peer. 40

¹⁷ Let me extoll a *Cat* on Oysters fed,
I'll have a Party at the *Bedford Head*,
Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfish* recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a Friend.

¹⁸ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one Vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not sordid, tho' not splendid, clean.

¹⁹ *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a ²⁰ dog, and her a bitch) 50
Sell their presented Partridges, and Fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

²¹ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some ²² lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

Caulibus instillat; ²³ veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum

Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

²⁴ Mundus erit qui non offendat sordibus, atque

In neutram partem cultus miser. ²⁵ Hic neque servus

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Sævus erit: nea sic ut simplex ²⁶ Nævius, unctam

Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

²⁷ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum

Afferat. ²⁸ In primis valeas bene: nam variae res

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ

Quæ simplex ²⁹ olim tibi sederat; at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis,

Dulcia se in bilem vertunt, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ³⁰ Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Cæna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,

At such a feast ²³old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear;
 Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowle the Cabbidge with a bounteous heart. 60

²⁴ He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, or on that:
 Nor ²⁵ stops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away,
 Nor lets, like ²⁶ Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glafs.

²⁷ Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing.)
 First Health: ²⁸ The stomach (cram'd from ev'ry dish,
 A Tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish,
 When Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the Man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft ²⁹ the School-boy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air!

³⁰ How pale, each Worshipful and rev'rend Guest
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City, feast! 71

What life in all that ample Body, say,
 What heav'nly Particle inspires the clay?

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam fauræ:

³¹ Alter ubi dicto citius curata sopori

Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

³² Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam:

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla volet. ³³ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam

Quam puer & validus præsumis mollitiem? seu

Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

³⁴ Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia nasus

Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) hac mente, quod hospes

Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam

Integrum edax dominus consumeret. ³⁵ Hos utinam inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!

³⁶ Das aliquid Famæ? (quæ carmine gratior aurem

The Soul subsides; and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

³¹ On morning wings how active springs the Mind,
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

³² Not but we may exceed, some Holy time, 85
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme.

Ill Health some just indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sicknes of long Life, Old-age:

³³ For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Vessel drains? 90

³⁴ Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no nose?

Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last:

Better to keep it till their friends could come, 95
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

³⁵ Why had not I in those good times my birth,
E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
(³⁶ That sweetest Music to an honest ear; 100

Occupat humanam.) *Grandes rhombi, patinaeque*

Grande ferent una ³⁷ *cum damno, dedecus. Adde*

³⁸ *Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*

Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

³⁹ *As, laquei pretium. —*

— ⁴⁰ *Fure, inquis, Thrasius istis*

Furgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ⁴¹ *Ergo*

Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?

Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? quare

⁴² *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur improbe! carae*

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

For 'faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The World's good word is better than a Song)
 Who has not learn'd, ³⁷ fresh Sturgeon or Ham-pye
 Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy ³⁸ neighbours, thy Trustees, thy self,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how Posterity will treat thy name;
 And ³⁹ buy a Rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

⁴⁰ " Right, cries his Lordship, for a Rogue in need
 " To have a Taste, is Insolence indeed:
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 " My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the Sun, let ⁴¹ Bounty spread her ray, 115
 And shine that Superfluity away.
 Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the ⁴² new-built Churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall: 120
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five *per Cent*.

⁴³ *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uter-ne*

⁴⁴ *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

⁴⁵ *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

*Quam nunc accisis. ⁴⁶ Videas, metato in agello,**

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam præter ⁴⁷ olus, fumosæ cum pede pernae.

At mihi cum ⁴⁸ longum post tempus venerit hospes,

Sive operum vacuo, &c. — bene erit, non ⁴⁹ piscibus

urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hædo; tum — —

⁴³ Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jest for all mankind!

And ⁴⁴ who stands safest, tell me? is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or whose wise forecast and preventing care

In Peace provides fit arms against a War?

⁴⁵ Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In *South-sea* days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of thousands, than ev'n now ⁴⁶ *Excis'd*; 135

In Forests planted by a Father's hand, 140

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On ⁴⁷ Broccoli and mutton, round the year;

But ⁴⁸ ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)

That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away. 145

'Tis true, no ⁴⁹ Turbots dignify my boards,

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,

Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

penſilis uva ſecundas

Et nux ornabit menſas, cum duplici ficu.

Poſthac ludus erit ⁵¹ Cuppa potare Magiſtra,

Ac venerata Ceres, ut calmo ſurgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.

Sæuiat atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos,

O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc ⁵² novus Incola venit?

⁵³ Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum

Nec me, aut quemquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille,

Illum aut ⁵⁴ Nequities, aut ⁵⁵ vaſtri inſcitia juris,

Poſtremo expellit certe ⁵⁶ vivacior hæres,

⁵⁷ Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, ſed cedit in uſum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ⁵⁸ Quocirca vivite fortes!

Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

30 From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall ;
 And grapes, long-ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs, from standard and Espalier join :
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine (place)
 Then "cheerful healths (your Mistrefs shall have
 And, what's more rare, the Poet shall say *Grace*.
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
 Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I lost ?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after "Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my Father's house is gone ;
 I'll hire another's, is not that my own,
 And yours my friends ? thro' whose free-opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 165
 "Pray heav'n it last ! (cries Swift,) as you go on ;
 "I wish to God this house had been your own :
 "Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 "Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." —
 Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one 170
 Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon ?

What's ⁵³ *Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ⁵⁴ Peter Walter, bnd
 Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's share, bnd
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the Heir, i 175
 Or in pure ⁵⁵ *Equity* (the Case not clear)
 The Chancery takes your rents for twenty years.
 At best, it falls to some ⁵⁶ ungracious Son
 That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
⁵⁷ Shades, that to Ba *** n could retreat afford, i 80
 Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
 And Hensley once proud * Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
⁵⁸ Let Lands and Houses have what Lords they will,
 Let Us be fix'd, and our own Masters still.

Villers, Duke of Buckingham.



